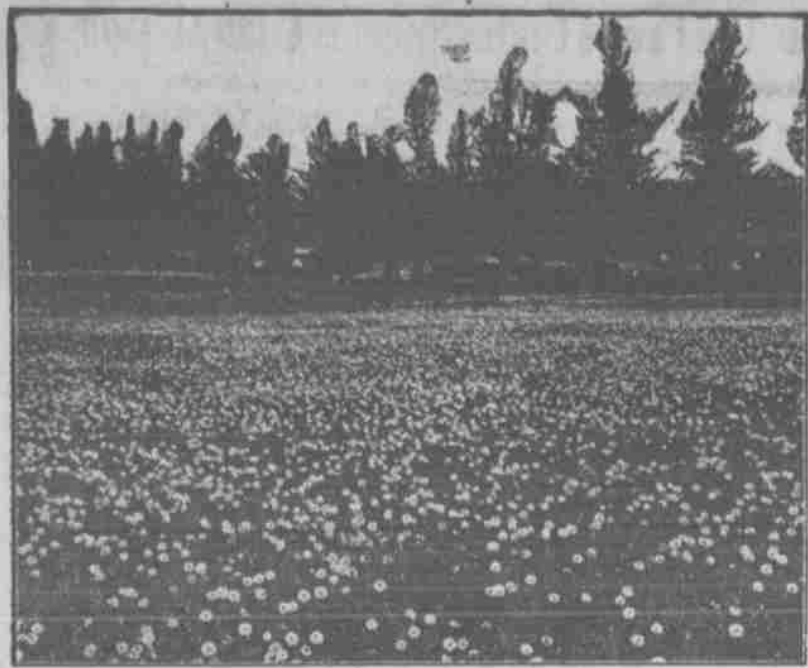


WEED CONTROL IS COMMUNITY PROBLEM RATHER THAN FOR INDIVIDUAL FARMER



Dandelions Gone to Seed, Illustrating One Method of Weed Distribution.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The problem of suppressing weeds is a many-sided one and an important part of the management of the farm. Successful crop management includes successful weed management.

Larger Crops Mean Fewer Weeds.

Generally speaking, the larger the crops, the fewer the weeds present. This is especially true with small grain and hay, since good stands of these crops will tend to smother out weeds. Furthermore, pastures that are given good care by top-dressings and by not over-grazing always contain fewer weeds and more grass than those poorly managed.

Special Methods of Handling Certain Weeds.

The farmer should know the kind of weeds which he has to fight, because in the case of some of them special methods have been discovered which greatly reduce the amount of work necessary. The United States department of agriculture has issued bulletins treating individually a number of the worst weeds and these publications may be obtained on request.

Rotations and Weeds.

An important benefit from practicing a rotation is in the control of weeds. If land is planted to the same crop year after year, certain weeds have ample opportunity to make top growth and mature their seeds, and these weeds therefore become firmly established; but if the land is planted to different crops in succession these weeds do not have the opportunity to make nearly as much headway. Furthermore, adopting a rotation usually means the growth of grass, clover, or other forage crops. These crops not only discourage many kinds of weeds by their shading effect, but also give

weeds a poor chance to mature seeds, as they are cut for hay before most weeds ripen. Again, adopting a rotation often means growing cultivated crops on land where such crops have not been raised. The value of cultivated crops in cleaning land of weeds has already been emphasized.

Demonstrations of the value of a rotation in controlling weeds are available in many localities. For example, in western Kansas wheat is usually grown continuously, and when this is the case weeds are very troublesome; but when a rotation, including a cultivated crop and a forage crop, is adopted, the weeds that are so common under continuous wheat growing do not have so much chance to make growth and to mature their seeds. Hence, weeds become very much reduced. Another example is furnished in parts of eastern New York, where it is customary to keep land in meadow for many years. These meadows become foul with orange hawkweed, ox-eye daisy, wild carrot, and other weeds. Introducing a cultivated crop and a grain crop soon disposes of most of these weeds.

Co-operation in Controlling Weeds.

Probably no feature of weed control is more important than co-operation among those concerned. Weed control is a community problem rather than one for the individual farmer to solve, and without the co-operation of his neighbors the results of the individual farmer's efforts are more or less discouraging, because where weeds are allowed to grow undisturbed they produce sufficient seeds to infest the adjacent lands. The necessary co-operation might be arranged through agricultural clubs and other farm organizations.

SPRAYING POTATOES TO CONTROL BLIGHT

Experiments Prove That Bordeaux Mixture Is Effective.

Results Given of Tests Conducted Last Year in Aroostook County, Maine, by the Department of Agriculture.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

That thorough spraying will control late blight in seasons of bad infection has been proven many times in the past and most recently in tests conducted last year in Aroostook county, Maine, by the United States department of agriculture in co-operation with the Maine agricultural experiment station. Some potato growers have expressed their opinion that it does not pay to spray potatoes for this disease. Growers of this opinion claim that when the weather conditions are such that the blight is severe, spraying does not control it sufficiently to give an appreciable increase in the yield, and that in seasons when the attack is light the increase in the yield from spraying is not sufficient to cover the added cost. In one block where small test plots sprayed with standard bordeaux mixture were interspersed with untreated check plots, the average yield on 11 of the former was at the rate of 181.2 bushels per acre, while that on an equal number of untreated plots was at the rate of 143.5 bushels per acre. This was an increase of 26.7 bushels per acre, or more than 26 per cent in favor of bordeaux mixture.

In another similar block the average yield of five plots sprayed with bordeaux mixture was at the rate of nearly 237 bushels per acre, while that of the four untreated check plots in the same block was 174.3 bushels. The gain here was 62.5 bushels per acre or about 36 per cent due to spraying. Six applications were made on all the above-mentioned sprayed plots.

On these experimental plots, spraying ought to have been started ten days or two weeks sooner, or by the end of the first week in July. In spite of this fact, the yields given above indicate quite plainly that spraying paid. Moreover, many persons who saw the plots during the latter part of the season have testified to the striking differences on sprayed and unsprayed

portions. On all the treated plots, the spraying was done with a traction sprayer which maintained a good working pressure of at least 150 pounds per square inch.

Adjoining one of the experimental blocks was a field where spraying was begun earlier and eight or nine applications were made. It was planted with the same lot of the same variety of seed, fertilized the same, and, except for spraying, received similar treatment in every respect. The yield on the portion of this field immediately adjoining one of the unsprayed check plots was 267.3 bushels per acre. Comparing this with the averages of the unsprayed check plots mentioned above, shows a gain of 123.8 and 93 bushels per acre, respectively, or over 80 and 63 per cent. In none of the above figures is any account made of the extra loss resulting from tuber rot in storage in the crop produced on the unsprayed plots.

Nineteen hundred and seventeen was one of the worst blight years in the history of Aroostook potato growing. The results cited above show conclusively that, even under the conditions that existed, late blight can be controlled by a grower who sets out to do the job thoroughly. Moreover, they indicate that it can be done at a fair profit when the cost is considered in connection with the value of the increased yield resulting from the treatment.

These recommendations apply particularly to the potato sections lying north of a line drawn from New York to Chicago.

KEEPING THE TRACTOR BUSY

Owners of Power Outfits Urged, to Make Good Use of Them in Increasing Food Supply.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Owners of tractors which are not kept busy through the plowing and seeding season will perform a patriotic neighborly duty by granting use of these outfits to neighbors, who may be short of labor or hands to prepare seedbeds. A reasonable rate of hire for the tractor would enable the tractor to make a return during otherwise idle periods, but, most important, will make it possible for others at reasonable expenditure to have a full acreage and add to the nation's important food supplies. The same might be followed with regard to horses and various farm machines, which should not be allowed to remain idle when a food-producing neighbor can keep them busy on victory crops.

"OVER THE TOP"

By An American Arthur Guy Empey
Soldier Who Went Machine Gunner, Serving in France

Copyright 1917, by Arthur Guy Empey

EMPEY AND HIS COMRADES MAKE THEIR MACHINE GUNS PERFORM SOME MARVELOUS TRICKS.

Synopsis.—Fired by the sinking of the Lusitania, with the loss of American lives, Arthur Guy Empey, an American living in Jersey City, goes to England and enlists as a private in the British army. After a short experience as a recruiting officer in London, he is sent to training quarters in France, where he first hears the sound of big guns and makes the acquaintance of "cooties." After a brief period of training Empey's company is sent into the front-line trenches, where he takes his first turn on the fire step while the bullets whiz overhead. Empey learns, as comrade falls, that death lurks always in the trenches. Chaplain distinguishes himself by rescuing wounded men under hot fire. With pick and shovel Empey has experience as a trench digger in No Man's Land. Exciting experience on listening post duty. Exciting work on observation post duty. Back in rest billets Empey writes and stages a successful play. Once more in the front trenches, Empey goes "over the top" in a successful but costly attack on the German lines.

CHAPTER XXII—Continued.

—18—
This punishment is awarded where there is a doubt as to the willful guilt of a man who has committed an offense punishable by death.

Then comes the famous field punishment No. 1. Tommy has nicknamed it "crucifixion." It means that a man is spread-eagled on a limber wheel, two hours a day for twenty-one days. During this time he only gets water, bully beef and biscuits for his chow. You get "crucified" for repeated minor offenses.

Next in order is field punishment No. 2.

This is confinement in the "clink," without blankets, getting water, bully beef and biscuits for rations and doing all the dirty work that can be found. This may be for twenty-four hours or twenty days, according to the gravity of the offense.

Then comes "pack drill" or defaulters' parade. This consists of drilling, mostly at the double, for two hours with full equipment. Tommy hates this, because it is hard work. Sometimes he fills his pack with straw to lighten it, and sometimes he gets caught. If he gets caught, he grouches at everything in general for twenty-one days, from the vantage point of a limber wheel.

Next comes "C. B." meaning "confined to barracks." This consists of staying in billets or barracks for twenty-four hours to seven days. You also get an occasional defaulters' parade and dirty jobs around the quarters.

The sergeant major keeps what is known as the crime sheet. When a man commits an offense, he is "crimed," that is, his name, number and offense is entered on the crime sheet. Next day at 9 a. m. he goes to the "orderly room" before the captain, who either punishes him with "C. B." or sends him before the O. C. (officer commanding battalion). The captain of the company can only award "C. B." Tommy many a time has thanked the king for making that provision in his regulations.

To gain the title of a "smart soldier," Tommy has to keep clear of the crime sheet, and you have to be darned smart to do it.

I have been on it a few times, mostly for "Yankee impudence." During our stay of two weeks in rest billets our captain put us through a course of machine-gun drills, trying out new stunts and theories.

After parades were over, our gunners' crews got together and also tried out some theories of their own in reference to handling guns. These courses had nothing to do with the advancement of the war, consisted mostly of causing tricky jams in the gun, and then the rest of the crew would endeavor to locate as quickly as possible the cause of the stoppage. This amused them for a few days and then things came to a standstill.

One of the boys on my gun claimed that he could play a tune while the gun was actually firing, and demonstrated this fact one day on the target range. We were very enthusiastic and decided to become musicians.

After constant practice I became quite expert in the tune entitled "All Conductors Have Big Feet."

When I had mastered this tune, our two weeks' rest came to an end, and once again we went up the line and took over the sector in front of G—wood.

At this point the German trenches ran around the base of a hill, on the top of which was a dense wood. This wood was infested with machine guns, which used to traverse our lines at will, and sweep the streets of a little village, where we were billeted while in reserve.

There was one gun in particular which used to get our goats, it had the exact range of our "elephant" dugout entrance, and every morning, about the time relations were being brought up, its bullets would knock up the dust on the road; more than one Tommy went West or to Blighty by running into them.

This gun got our nerves on edge, and Fritz seemed to know it, because he never gave us an hour's rest. Our reputation as machine gunners was at stake; we tried various ruses to locate and put this gun out of action, but each was proved to be a failure, and

Fritz became a worse nuisance than ever. He was getting fresher and more careless every day, took all kinds of liberties with us—thought he was invincible.

Then one of our crew got a brilliant idea and we were all enthusiastic to put it to the test.

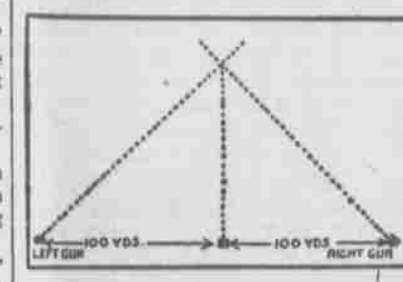
Here was his scheme:
When firing my gun, I was to play my tune, and Fritz, no doubt, would fall for it, try to imitate me as an added insult. This gunner and two others would try, by the sound, to locate Fritz and his gun. After having got the location, they would mount two machine guns in trees, in a little clump of woods to the left of our cemetery, and while Fritz was in the middle of his lesson, would open up and trust to luck. By our calculations, it would take at least a week to pull off the stunt.

If Fritz refused to swallow our bait, it would be impossible to locate his special gun, and that's the one we were after, because they all sound alike; a slow pup-pup-pup.

Our prestige was hanging by a thread. In the battalion we had to endure all kinds of insults and fresh remarks as to our ability in silencing Fritz. Even to the battalion that German gun was a sore spot.

Next day, Fritz opened up as usual. I let him fire away for a while and then butted in with my "pup-pup-pup-pup-pup." I kept this up quite a while, used two belts of ammunition. Fritz had stopped firing to listen. Then he started in; sure enough, he had fallen for our game, his gun was trying to imitate mine, but, at first he made a horrible mess of that tune. Again I butted in with a few bars and stopped. Then he tried to copy what I had played. He was a good sport all right, because his bullets were going away over our heads, must have been firing into the air. I commenced to feel friendly toward him.

This duet went on for five days. Fritz was a good pupil and learned



Showing How Fritz is Fooled.

rapidly, in fact, got better than his teacher. I commenced to feel jealous. When he had completely mastered the tune, he started sweeping the road again and we clicked it worse than ever. But he signed his death warrant by doing so, because my friendship turned to hate. Every time he fired he played that tune and we danced.

The boys in the battalion gave us the "Ha! Ha!" They weren't in on our little frame-up.

The originator of the ruse and the other two gunners had Fritz's location taped to the minute; they mounted their two guns, and also gave me the range. The next afternoon was set for the grand finale.

Our three guns, with different elevations, had their fire so arranged, that, opening up together, their bullets would suddenly drop on Fritz like a hailstorm.

About three the next day, Fritz started "pup-pupping" that tune. I blew a sharp blast on a whistle, it was the signal agreed upon; we turned loose and Fritz's gun suddenly stopped in the middle of a bar. We had cooked his goose, and our ruse had worked. After firing two belts each, to make sure of our job, we hurriedly dismounted our guns and took cover in the dugout. We knew what to expect soon. We didn't have to wait long, three salvos of "whizz-bangs" came over from Fritz's artillery, a further confirmation that we had sent that musical machine-gunner on his Westward-bound journey.

That gun never bothered us again. We were the heroes of the battalion, our captain congratulated us, said it was a neat piece of work, and, consequently, we were all puffed up over the stunt.

There are several ways Tommy uses

to disguise the location of his machine gun and get his range. Some of the most commonly used stunts are as follows:

At night, when he mounts his gun over the top of his trench and wants to get the range of Fritz's trench he adopts the method of what he terms "getting the sparks." This consists of firing bursts from his gun until the bullets hit the German barbed wire. He can tell when they are cutting the wire, because a bullet when it hits a wire throws out a blue electric spark. Machine-gun fire is very damaging to wire and causes many a w'ing party to go out at night when it is quiet to repair the damage.

To disguise the flare of his gun at night when firing, Tommy uses what is called a flare protector. This is a stove-pipe arrangement which fits over the barrel casing of the gun and screens the sparks from the right and left, but not from the front. So Tommy, always resourceful, adopts this scheme: About three feet or less in front of the gun he drives two stakes into the ground, about five feet apart. Across these stakes he stretches a curtain made out of empty sandbags ripped open. He soaks this curtain in water and fires through it. The water prevents it catching fire and effectively screens the flare of the firing gun from the enemy.

Sound is a valuable asset in locating a machine gun, but Tommy surmounts this obstacle by placing two machine guns about one hundred to one hundred and fifty yards apart. The gun on the right to cover with its fire the sector of the left gun and the gun on the left to cover that of the right gun. This makes their fire cross; they are fired simultaneously.

By this method it sounds like one gun firing and gives the Germans the impression that the gun is firing from a point midway between the guns which are actually firing, and they accordingly shell that particular spot. The machine gunners chuckle and say, "Fritz is a brainy boy, not 'alf he ain't."

But the men in our lines at the spot being shelled curse Fritz for his ignorance and pass a few pert remarks down the line in reference to the machine gunners being "windy" and afraid to take their medicine.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Gas Attacks and Spies.

Three days after we had silenced Fritz, the Germans sent over gas. It did not catch us unawares, because the wind had been made to order, that is, it was blowing from the German trenches toward ours at the rate of about five miles per hour.

Warnings had been passed down the trench to keep a sharp lookout for gas. We had a new man at the periscope, on this afternoon in question; I was sitting on the fire step, cleaning my rifle, when he called out to me:

"There's a sort of greenish, yellow cloud rolling along the ground out in front, it's coming—"

But I waited for no more, grabbing my bayonet, which was detached from the rifle, I gave the alarm by banging an empty shell case, which was hanging near the periscope. At the same instant, gongs started ringing down the trench, the signal for Tommy to don his respirator, or smoke helmet, as we call it.

Gas travels quickly, so you must not lose any time; you generally have about eighteen or twenty seconds in which to adjust your gas helmet.

Empey is assigned to the intelligence department, but finds it is not the "soft" snap that he anticipated. The next installment tells of some of his experiences in his new job as a spy-catcher.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Acts of Heroism Recognized.

Twenty-four acts of heroism were recognized by the Carnegie hero fund commission in its fourteenth annual meeting. In seven cases silver medals were awarded, in 17 cases, bronze medals. Ten of the heroes lost their lives, and to the dependents of nine of these pensions aggregating \$4,590 a year were granted. In addition to these money grants, in two cases, \$2,100 was appropriated for educational purposes, payments to be made as needed and approved, and in 11 cases awards aggregating \$8,000 were made for other worthy purposes. Payments in these cases will not be made until the awards have been approved by the commission.

Cornmeal in Honduras.

Because of the marked success of recent governmental and private efforts to promote the production of more cereals during the period of the war, writes Consul Walter F. Boyle, Puerto Cortes, an American company has imported and erected the first mill for the milling of cornmeal. This was purchased in the United States and has been erected at San Pedro, Sula, Honduras. It is a small equipment, but marks the beginning of a new industry.

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